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THE
N O R F O L K
GAMESTER:

Or, The Art of

*Managing the Whole Pack,
Even King, Queen, and Jack.*



Price (with the F A N) One Shilling and Six-Pence:

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by J. DORMER, at the Printing-Office, the
Green Door, in *Black and White* Court in the *Old Baily*.

M.DCC.XXXIV.

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N-R--K Game of CRIBBIDGE:

THE

OR, THE

ART of Winning All Ways.

To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.

I.
YE good Christian People, I pray you draw
 near,
 A Tale to a pleasant old Tune ye shall hear;
 In N—the Scene, 'tis reported, was laid,
 And Cribbage the Name of the Game that was play'd;
 The Place I'd unfold,
 If I dare be bold,
 But Truth is not always, you know, to be told;
 Some call it a Palace, some call it a House,
 The Owner, 'tis said, was once poor as Church-Mouse.

II.
 Attention each Gamester a verri must be paid,
 To each Sort of Game that has ever been play'd;
 And a Judgment profound, with a Mind that's not
 fired,
 Or ruffled with Passion, are also required:
 Moreover if Art
 Performs not her Part,
 What by Playing is got, will be scarce worth a F—;
 And if to Attention you do not add Thought,
 You may game on 'till Doom's-Day, 'twill signify
 nought.

III. The

III.

The Mansion's Grand Master these Rules did observe,
 From such wholesome Maxims he never did swerve,
 But studied by Day and by Night to remove,
 What might to his Profit an Obstacle prove;

He opulent grew,

As Bacon-face Jew,

For these were the Methods he close did pursue;
 Else Sums so immense he cou'd ne'er have amass'd,
 And now for the wealthiest Subject he pass'd.

IV.

At *Shuffling* and *Cutting* as dext'rous was he,
 As any old Gamester, or Sharper, cou'd be;
 They'd oft' set the Cards, but his Eyes were so quick,
 The Cheat he discover'd, and laugh'd at the Trick:

He soon got a Name,

Abroad flew his Fame,

And took special Care not to forfeit the Same;
 But whether he play'd (as some doubt) on the square,
 Not a Man in the Kingdom with him could compare.

V.

Be that as it will, he did oft' play the K N A V E,

By which many Games at a Pinch he did save,

And many times many more also he won,

By him many Families have been undone;

His Game he wou'd back,

And had such a Knack,

He knew how to manage each Card in the Pack:

He *paired*, or *pair-royal'd*, one after another,

Their Passion no longer the Losers cou'd smother.

VI.

Besides, in his Hand he kept often a *Flush*,

But not of the Colour resembling a Blush,

For he was to *Blushing* a Stranger, 'tis known,

Which, when he was ask'd, he wou'd never disown;

He usually said,

A Face that grew red

On a Sudden, did manifest plainly a Dread

Of Punishment due, an Action that's vile,

And then would break off with a Sneer, or a Smile.

VII. His

VII.

His *Flushes*, with *Sequences*, oft' did abound,
And *Pairs*, and *Fifteens*, too among them were found;
He had such great Luck, that some People uncivil
Declar'd, that he needs must have dealt with the Devil.

How is it that he,
As plainly we see,
Said they, so successful at *Cribbage* cou'd be?
Who never did lose but one Game in his Life,
He laugh'd in his Sleeve to see them in a Strife.

VIII.

Their Language opprobrious he calmly did take,
Remembring the Proverb, *That Losers will speak*;
His Temper was even, unruffled his Mind,
To Passion their Taunts could not make him inclin'd:

But tho' they were rude,
His Game he pursued,
And thence great Advantages to him accrued;
He *bilk'd* all their *Cribs*, but his own he secur'd,
Such Fortune, they said, could be never endured.

IX.

To Single-hand *Cribbage* he'd sit Night and Day,
But wou'd not a Partner admit into Play;
To tell ye the Truth, Sirs, he never cou'd bare
To have any with him the Profits to share.

But yet he it spoke,
When Gamesters were broke,
He'd again *set 'em up*, as it were with a Joke,
Provided he knew 'em to be of his *Party*,
And then no Man living cou'd do it more hearty.

X.

Twice or thrice in a Year he did keep *Open-house*,
But his House-keeping did not stand him in a Soufe;
Tho' lib'ral he was, and unloaded his Purse,
He knew he with Ease cou'd himself re-imburse.

This Master so grand
Did purchase much Land,
And had Treasure immense always at his Command;
And now, to conclude, I may venture to say,
No *Gamester* so long did continue in Play.

B

B — B

**B — B, take Care, least your CRIB
be BILK'D.**

Tune, To you fair Ladies now at Land.

I.

TH O' Gaming be a gen'ral Vice,
Yet it is much in Vogue;
It ruins Thousands in a Trice,
And does exalt a Rogue:
If he is Rich, he then shall be
For Earls and Dukes fit Company.

With a Fa, la, fa, &c.

II.

Tho' he be awkerd in his Drefs,
And sprung from John-a-Styles,
He need not doubt of good Success,
If Fortune on him smiles;
No Matter how he got his Wealth,
By *Fraud*, by *Rapine*, or by *Stealth*.

With a Fa, la, fa, &c.

III.

From ev'ry Lord and Lady too
Such Men shall find Respect,
The Consequence that does ensue,
Can't fail of its Effect:
If they but venture to *play deep*,
They * may e'en lie a Bed, and sleep.

With a Fa, la, fa, &c.

* Alluding to the Proverb, *He may lie a Bed, for his Name is Ur.*

IV. Sir

IV.

Sir R--- *Clumsey* I produce
 To witness what I say;
 To gain his Ends he'll be profuse,
 And ne'er refuse to *Play*;
 Lay what you will, he is at All,
 The greatest Sums as well as small.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

V.

Tho' he was for a Porter fram'd,
 Yet he did Nature *Bilk*;
 For he, which made him so much *fam'd*,
 Was fed with Fortune's Milk:
 Brought up in ev'ry Thing but *Grace*,
 He now displays his brazen Face.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

VI.

Each *Court-Card* is at his Command,
 And ev'ry other too;
 For he is vers'd in *Slight of Hand*,
 Which one Day he may rue:
 To make his *Crib* ('tis no new Thing)
 He has been seen to *steal a King*.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

VII.

But when Occasion did present,
 He then would *palm* a *QUEEN*;
 On Stratagems he was intent
 His Villanies to *screen*:
 But All his Wiles avail'd him not,
 To be discover'd was his Lot.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

VIII. His

VIII

His *Tricks* so openly he play'd,
 He was call'd *Rogue* and *Cheat*,
 But yet of no Man was afraid,
 His Foes he wou'd defeat;
 For he had Evidence in Store,
 Who for him writ, and for him swore.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

IX

It vex'd fair *Gamesters* to behold
 A *Sharper* grown so great,
 Who by *foul Play* cou'd roll in Gold,
 But he may meet his Fate;
 For Vengeance, tho' she moves not fast,
 Will catch unwary *Knaves* at last.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

X

But let him not exult too long,
 If he has any *Sense*,
 For *All* his scribbling, perjur'd *Throng*,
 Make but a weak *Defence*;
 And soon he will be call'd upon,
 His *Crib* be *bilk'd*, himself undone.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

VII

But when Occasion did present
 He then would play a *QUEEN*
 On *Stratagems* he was intent
 His Villanies to *screen*;
 But *All* his Wiles avail'd him not
 To be discover'd was his Lot.
 With a *Fa, la, fa, &c.*

THE GAME of CHESS Verfy'd,

From the *CRAFTSMAN*.

WHEN Characters *Grotesque* appear,
Strangers surpriz'd, begin to stare;
But when some Friend explains the Scene,
And tells 'em what the Figures mean,
They boldly take a second View,
Well pleas'd to find a *Thing that's new*.

So I, methinks, can do no less,
E're I describe the Game of Chess,
Than first the Reader to acquaint
With ev'ry Name (not one a Saint)
Of ev'ry moving *Piece of Wood*,
Which may with Ease be understood;
I'll shew its Motion, Power, and Station,
Confirm'd by mutual Approbation.

The principal upon the Board
May seem at first some mighty Lord;
But I must say, 'tis no such Thing,
For his true Title is the King;
No *Arbitrary Prince is He*,
The Law restrains him there d'ye see,
And this hereafter will appear,
As does the Sun at Mid-day, clear.

The next in Place, as may be seen,
Is what the Gamblers call the Queen;
And then on *Her's*, or the King's Side,
A Bishop stands, not *Archbisy'd*;

Hence

Hence some conclude that he wants *Grace*,

For he displays a br---n Face.

Then by the *Bishop* stands a *Wight*,

No Politician, call'd the *Knight*;

The next to him is nam'd a *Rook*,

Whose Situation's in a *Nook*.

But this must sure be a *Misnomer*,

For He, e'er since the Days of *Homer*,

Was call'd a *Castle of Defence*,

'Till *wou'd-be Wits* had marr'd the Sense:

For this fame *Rook* (to end the Strife)

Is contrary to those in *Life*,

Who that Denomination bear,

For He acts always on the *Squadre*.

Before the *King*, *Queen*, *Bishop*, *Knight*,

In Rank and File from Left to Right,

Drawn up in Order stands each *Pawn*,

Loyal, yet not attir'd in *Lawn*.

These are the *best* and *nat'ral Guard*,

No *Bribe* They take, *Jeek* No *Reward*.

Next to the *King*, the *Queen* takes Place,

I shall not here describe her *Face*,

Nor what her Garb is, what her *Mien*,

Let it suffice that She's a *Queen*;

And so extensive's her *Dominion*,

It is of most Men the *Opinion*,

That she wou'd willingly enjoy *All*,

In Pow'r exceeding *Consort Royal*.

She traverses from Square to Square

The Board, and has an equal Share

In Motion with each Piece, the *Wight*

Excepted, who is call'd the *Knight*.

His Motion (with profound Respect

To him) is always *indirect*;

Or, as the *Philomaths* will have it,

Oblique, and so to them I leave it.

He ever does profess, in Fact,

By Fraud or Stratagem to act;

And so partic'lar is his Motion,

Men of this Game can have no Notion,

Who

Who don't against him watch and ward,
A Thing by no means reckon'd hard.

The *Bishop*, as I said before,
Takes place (let Gamblers quit that Score)
Or on her *Majesty's* Left-side,
Or on the *King's*, elate with Pride:
And well He may be proud, that he,
In Peace, enjoys such Dignity.
This *Piece of Wood*, which all Men call
A *Piece of Wood* prelati-
At the Beginning of a Game
Of little Use is, and its Fame
In all the Ages Time brought forth,
Was never deem'd a Penny worth.
By his Profession he's constrain'd
(And yet his Character's not stain'd)
Never to move upon the Square
(Unhappy Tydings to the Ear)
As ev'ry *Rook* and *Pawn* must do,
Or else, what Squabbling might ensue!
From Angle therefore unto Angle,
This *Bishop* is compell'd to dangle:
But at the Close of ev'ry Game,
This little *Piece*, of little Fame,
May be of little Use, 'tis true,
(For give to All what is their Due)
But very seldom Checks the *King*,
Or offer at so vile a Thing,
But when assisted in such Plight,
Or by the *Queen*, or by the *Knight*.
When Enterprizes they pursue,
They keep him always in their View;
For by his Presence he supports
Various Designs, of various Sorts.
Indeed these *Bishops* at this Game,
Are little more than just the Name;
So insignificant are deem'd,
A *Rook* is ten times more esteem'd;
In all your old *Chess-Boards* these *Tools*
Are pourtraied like so many Fools,

Distinguish'd

Distinguish'd by large monstrous Ears,
And Bells, as plainly it appears.

The *Knight* (dire Object to Mens Eyes!)
Does Execution by Surprise;
Such dreadful Havock does he make,
The *Peasants*, or *Common People*, quake:
O'er Heads of *Nobles* oft he jumps,
And cuts *Plebeians* off by Lumps;
And so inveterate is *He*,
He owns himself their *Enemy*:
When *He* is guarded by the *Queen*,
What dreadful Slaughter then is seen!
And very often, horrid Thing!
This *Knight* does then *Check-mate* the *King*:
The Method to bring this about
By that same sturdy *Knight*, so stout,
Is by Compulsion, when by Force
The *King's*, without the least Remorse,
Lock'd up, or pounded, as it were,
(Enough to make the *Pious* I wear)
For, if he offers but to move,
Captivity his Fate must prove.
But such Regard is paid, d'ye see,
At all Times unto *Majesty*,
That whenso'er This is the Case,
Which frequently does come to pass,
Then, by the Custom of the Game,
A Period's put unto the Same;
Both Parties cease at once from Action,
There's no Caballing seen, no Faction;
The Conqueror, with Pride elate,
Pronounces only one Word — *Mate*:
The Reason this, as I suppose,
That when the *King* they do enclose,
Th' Inventors of this curious Game
Had such Regard to *Royal Fame*,
They rather chose to give it over,
Than make an Offer to discover

What

What shou'd be done at such a *Crisis*,
Than which in Nature nought more nice is.

But when the *King* in Danger stands,
Arising from *these Rebels Hands*,
The *Rook* does then exert his Pow'r,
And rescue him that very Hour;
By some 'tis thought, and so I've seen,
Two Rooks are equal to a *Queen*.

In Front of *King, Queen, Nobles* all,
The *Pawns* are plac'd, and dread no Fall;
Just like the *Rooks*, their Motions are,
Not indirect, but on the *Square*;
If well conducted, then Success
Their Wishes crown, their Actions bless.
These *Pawns*, when properly supported,
Are always fear'd, yet never courted;
For 'tis impossible to *Bribe*
One of this steady, loyal Tribe;
Into their En'my's Ranks they'll break,
And make their *Infantry* to quake;
Of *Nobles* a Battalia push,
And never value them a Rush:
Then take (their Vict'ry to compleat)
In th' upper House a vacant Seat.
From this Time forward they assume
The Names of *Noblemen*, whose Room
They then do fill, and oft avail
In doing Good to th' Common-weal.
These *Pawns*, or *Commoners*, are found,
With such Sagacity t' abound,
They frequently, I do confess,
By their so dext'rous Address,
A *Bishop's*, or a *Knight's* Design,
Effectually do countermine.
Themselves they've rescued from the Dangers
That threaten'd them, as well as Strangers:
Their Enemies have left the Field,
And been compell'd to them to yield;

Submit with great Disgrace and Loss,
 (Tho' on it may be put a Gloss)
 To the strong Force of some *New Scheme*,
 Form'd long before to ruin them;
 But then they must be (so 'tis said)
 By very knowing Gen'als led;
 The least false Step, in any wise,
 Especially an Enterprize
 Of this Kind, by one false Remove,
 Of the worst Consequence may prove.

A P P I U S Unmasqu'd.

Tune, *I am a Sturdy Beggar, &c.*

IN Briton's Isle there lives a Wight,
 Tho' once a Country 'Squire,
 Who, from his coming first to Town,
 Still long'd for to be higher,
And to Court he first did go, &c.

II.

This 'Squire became a Knight, Sir,
 In very little Space;
 And now may be a Lord, Sir,
 But he don't ——— chuse the Place.
And to Court he first did go, &c.

III.

Most People are surprized
 At this dull 'Squire's Rise;
 And say he ne'er did merit it,
 By being over-wise.
And to Court he first did go, &c.

IV. So,

IV.

So, take it, Sir, for granted,
A Friend at Court had he,
Nor mind what People call her,
For a Friend she'll ever be.

And to Court he first did go, &c.

V.

No sooner made a Knight, Sir,
But, his Family to grace,
Each Brother's Son, and Kinsmen too,
Had Pension and a Place.

And to Court he first did go, &c.

VI.

Now, having Friends about him,
Strange Things the Knight has done;
Which some do say he'll f——g for,
Or else to F—— must run.

And to Court he first did go, &c.

VII.

If this should be the Case, Sir,
As most Folks do surmise,
We'll print the Dragon's Dying-Speech,
And Downfal of Excise.

And to Court he first did go, &c.

F I N I S.

IV.

So take it, Sir, for granted,
A Friend at Court had he
Nor mind what People call her;
For a Friend she'll ever be
And to Court he first did go, &c.

V.

No sooner made a Knight, Sir,
But his Family to grace,
Each Brother's Son, and Kinsmen too,
Had Pension and a Place.
And to Court he first did go, &c.

VI.

Now, having Friends about him,
Strange Things the Knight has done;
Which some do say he'll do for
Or else to F. . . .
And to Court he first did go, &c.

VII.

If this should be the Case, Sir,
As most Folks do surmise,
We'll print the Dragon's Dying-Speech,
And Downfall of Exile.
And to Court he first did go, &c.